More torches here, come on, then lets to bed.
Ah sirrah, by my fay it waxes late,
'Ile to my rest.
Juli. Come hither Nurse, what is yond Gentleman?
Nurs. The sonne and heire of old *Tyberio.*
Jul. What's he that now is going out of the doore?
Nurs. Marry that I thinke be young *Petrucheo.*
Jul. What's he that followes here, that would not dance?
Nurse. I know not.
Jul. Goe aske his name, if he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding bed.
Nurs. His name is *Romeo*, and a *Mountague*,
The onely sonne of your great enemy.
Jul. My onely love sprung from my onely hate,
Too early seene unknowne, and knowne too late:
Prodigious birth of love it is to me,
That I must love a loathed enemy.
Nurs. What's tis? what's tis?
Jul. A Ryme I learnt even now
Of one I danc't withall.
One calls within Juliet.
Nurs. Anon, anon:
Come lets away, the strangers all are gone.
Exeunt.

Chorus.

Now old desire doth in his death-bed lye,
And young affection gapes to be his heire.
That faire for which love groned and would dye,
With tender *Juliet* matcht is now not faire.
Now *Romeo* is belov'd and loves againe,
Alike bewitched by the charme of lookes:
But to his foe suppos'd he must complaine,
And she steale loves sweet bait from fearefull hooks.
Being held a foe, he may not have accesse
To breath such vowes as lovers use to sweare:
And she as much in love, her meanes much lesse,
To meet her new beloved any where.

But

But passion lends them power, time me
Tempring extremities with extreme sw
Enter Romeo *alone*
Rom. Can I goe forward when my h
Turne backe dull earth, and finde thy C
Enter Benvolio *with* Me
Ben. *Romeo*, my Cousin *Romeo*, Ro
Mer. He is wise, and on my life hath
Ben. He ran this way, and leapt this
Call good *Mercutio.*
Mer. Nay I'le conjure too.
Romeo, humours, madam, passion, lover,
Appeare thou in the likenesse of a sigh
Speake but one ryme and I am satisfi'd
Cry but ay me, pronounce but love and
Speake to my Gossip *Venus* one faire w
One nickname to her purblind sonne an
Young *Abraham Cupid*, he that shot so
When King *Cophetua* lov'd the Begge
He heareth not, he stirreth not, he mov
The Ape is dead, and I must conjure hi
I conjure thee by *Rosalines* bright eyes
By her high forehead and her skarlet li
By her fine foot, straight legge, and qui
And the demeanes that there adjacent
That in thy likenesse thou appeare to u
Ben. And if he heare thee thou wilt a
Mer. This cannot anger him, 't woul
To raise a spirit in his Mistresse circle,
Of some strange nature, letting it there
Till she had layd it, and conjur'd it dow
That were some spight.
My invocation is faire and honest, and i
I conjure onely but to raise up him.
Ben. Come, he hath hid himselfe am
To be consorted with the humorous nig
Blind is his love, and best befits the dar